

# THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

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## MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY:—DANIEL SCHLESINGER.

Our readers will recollect that we noticed the death of this distinguished artist, in June last, and promised a sketch of his life and musical studies, from a biographical notice then in preparation. This notice has at length appeared; and we hasten to redeem our promise, by giving a brief abstract of its contents.

[FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.]

Early in June last, death robbed our city of a great artist. In him the musical profession lost a bright ornament and society an estimable member.

DANIEL SCHLESINGER was born at Hamburgh on the fifteenth of December, 1799, of a father whose premature death prevented him from seeing developed the early promise of this the child of his predilection, and of a mother who lives to regret the brightest flower in her maternal chaplet. He was the youngest but one of nine brothers and one sister.

It was in his fifth year that Daniel exhibited the first tokens of his musical disposition, by picking out on the pianoforte with his tiny finger the notes of a tune his father's maids were singing, while at work in the garden. Struck by this early indication of a musical ear, his parent, who himself was a passionate lover of music, had the boy instantly instructed by one Meschonie, the organist of the Petri church of Hamburgh, who was at that time giving lessons to his sister. Under his tuition the child's musical abilities developed themselves rapidly, and he soon became a tasteful amateur upon the

pianoforte. He took lessons of Beer on the violin, and by the year 1811 had attained remarkable proficiency upon this most difficult and charming of instruments. If he still pursued the violin, it was by no means at the expense of the piano, which he continued to study with unabated ardor under the direction of Herr Grund, who was much his earlier teacher's superior. Subsequently, although we are unable to assign their date, he took lessons of Andreas Romberg, the renowned musical interpreter of Schiller's song of the "Bell."

The paternal estate was small and inconsiderable—the widow's heritage; her other sons were scattered over the old and new world in pursuit of fortune; each, when his time came, had resolutely bid his mother adieu and grasped the *wander-stabe*; and when Daniel numbered fourteen years, it became his turn to choose a calling. To his musical attainments he united the thorough education of all the well-born youth of Germany, whose minds are not tutored and shaped to a certain measure and mould, but in whom tastes and inclinations are unfolded, not repressed, and the nature of each is encouraged to develop itself. While at school he had also displayed remarkable mathematical talent, and could readily compute very intricate questions; indeed, he was attached to such speculations in all his after life.

When the decisive day arrived, Daniel declared it his ardent wish to make music his profession. But the times were troublous, and young Schlesinger's mother and brothers, apprehensive lest the musician's should prove a precarious existence, dissuaded him from his choice, and besought him to select some less hazardous vocation. In 1814, he accordingly became a clerk in the extensive banking and commission house of Herr Robinow, of Hamburg. With that earnest singleness of purpose which he had brought to bear upon whatever he had essayed to do, Daniel Schlesinger devoted himself during four years to the drudgery of the *bureau*. His duties there frequently detained him until midnight, after which, on his return home, he would often sit at the piano for hours, unconscious of the winter's cold or of the summer's heat and exhaustion.

It was about this time that an incident occurred which, as often befalls those setting out on life's journey, changed the whole current of his existence by giving it a new direction. He was invited one night to a friend's house. In the course of the evening he was invited to play some variations of Ries's, which he performed in his usual unpretending manner. Fancy his surprise when the master of the house introduced him to the author; and his pleasure at hearing Ferdinand Ries, who had stood behind him, warmly commend his skill and good taste. The latter was, on his side, not a little astonished to learn that so skillful an interpreter of his music was but an amateur, and advocated his immediate adoption of music as a profession with such persuasive eloquence, that before he left

the room, the counting-house was for ever banished from the thoughts of the young virtuoso, who resolved to devote himself henceforth to that art which, besides happiness, promised him glory.

On the morrow of that memorable evening, Daniel Schlesinger wrote to acquaint his mother and brothers with his decision; and still he awaited their sanction or disapproval. So soon as they came to learn his serious intention of following the bent of his genius, letters from the various members of his family brought him every encouragement to embrace his new vocation resolutely.

Under the guidance of Ries his rapid progress gave constant proofs of Daniel's remarkable talents. His master was more than satisfied; he was proud of his pupil. Perhaps this induction of a congenial spirit into the inner mysteries of the art recalled to mind his own earlier days, and the impressive intercourse with Beethoven, whose patience in giving him instruction formed so striking a contrast with his cavalier treatment of all the world beside.

Moscheles was much attached to Daniel, and also gave him lessons, although we are unable to ascertain at what epoch the latter became his pupil. There early existed between these two distinguished artists a cordial sympathy, which, with one or two interruptions, lasted until Mr. Schlesinger's departure for America. His circle of friends expanded in measure as his merits became known, and John Cramer no sooner made his acquaintance than he gave him his friendship and esteem. In such intercourse his activity was constantly renewed, and his taste refined; so that, in 1825, when Ferdinand Ries returned to Germany, he was proud, at his farewell concert, to introduce his favorite disciple to the public, by playing with him, upon the *pianoforte*, a concerto *à quatre mains*, composed expressly for the occasion. By the departure of his successful master, Mr. Schlesinger, thus recommended, inherited several of his numerous scholars, and soon rose in public estimation. His first work, the *Allegro di Bravura*, made him known as a composer, shortly after. It was dedicated to Ries.

A favorable notice of his first and second productions appeared shortly after in Ackerman's *Harmonicon*,\* and he had already received from Ries, who was enjoying, in the village of Godesberg, the repose earned by a well-filled and active life, a letter of approbation—dated twenty-seventh November, 1825—which, from its minute criticisms, is interesting to the artist chiefly. After thanking his pupil for the *Allegro*, and remarking that the *Rondo* contains much that is agreeable and beautiful, he proceeds to various technical observations, and thus concludes—

"Such are the criticisms I have to offer. The entire composition is fine. Continue with more and *still more* ardor. One may allow one's-self any thing. Thus in lieu of being timid and self-

\* *Allegro di Bravura*, and *Rondo* brilliant.

diffident, I would, in your place, become active and courageous. I should find it hard to give you advice in thorough-bass, nor do I see why you should not devote yourself to greater undertakings. The waltzes you send me are beautiful, but rather difficult."

Mr. Schlesinger seems to have given many lessons and to have employed his leisure hours in alternately perfecting himself as an instrumentalist and as a composer. He obtained a more masterly insight into the depths of harmony, and, with breadth of scope, his fancy, acquiring ease and grace, was enabled to clothe itself in those lighter forms, which seem mere sportive ebullitions, and yet are the daughters of Force. His fifth production, a charming rondino, entitled "*la Gaité*," was reprinted at Hamburg in 1827, where it became highly popular; and its author had won fresh favor with the London public by his first performance at a concert of the Philharmonic Society—that British *Conservatoire*, whose inspired orchestra has in turn obeyed the sway of Ries, and of Mendelsohn, and where a triumph is matter of European renown.

At another of its concerts, a letter of a brother pianist, Louis Werner, to one of his friends, mentions the loud and deserved applause that greeted Mr. Schlesinger's performance of Hummel's splendid *concerto in B minor*. Indeed he was a born interpreter of Hummel's music, and, though adequate to the unembarrassed performance of the most appalling combinations of Henselt and Thalberg, he seemed to commune with the spirit of the Weimar Pianist more gladly than with any masters, excepting Beethoven, and, perhaps, Sebastian Bach.

At the expiration of these seven years of labor, our artist resolved to make, with the fruit of his economies, the calm and earnest pilgrimage to the continent, he had been constrained to postpone so long. He accordingly left London for Hamburg, on the twenty-second of June, 1832, and revisited the scenes of his childhood, with mingled pleasure and pride. In omitting to mention an additional diploma that Mr. Schlesinger carried with him to his native land, we should be inexcusably forgetful. This was the *Quatuor in C major*—his fourteenth work, which met with remarkable success, and proved a great accession to his fame. After a sojourn of two months in his native town, we find him at Berlin towards the end of August. He there met his old friend Mendelsohn Bartholdy, several of whose letters, now before us, breathe a sincere affection and unfeigned respect for the brother artist, now no more. The Prussian capital was then the musical focus of the north. Spontini directed its opera, which still gloried in the vocal powers of Madame Seidler; and Zelters had not yet followed Goethe to the tomb.

Mr. Schlesinger found Vienna the musical capital still. The old Emperor had not yet joined his fathers, nor were Mozart and Beethoven—*Il Flauto Magico* and *Fidelio*—banished from the imperial presence—which now honors the buffoon and the jester. Hardly were the tears dried which fell on Beethoven's tomb.

Had his skill in imprinting the music of Bach, of Beethoven, and of Hummel, upon the souls of others, been his only title to a courteous reception, Mr. Schlesinger had surely met with it at the hands of his new friends. But he came before them as a composer, likewise; and the touching *ANDANTE CON VARIAZIONE*, met with so enthusiastic a reception as to take precedence of many a more considerable performance. This exquisite little poem, his eighth work, was inscribed to John Cramer, who was proud of the dedication.

We may say of Mr. Schlesinger that he already divined the process by which others have since expanded the resources of music, by their developments in the art of instrumentation. He not only foresaw the path genius was about to strike out, but had marked it for his own. Nay, Thalberg, who was then preparing himself for future triumphs, recognised, in Vienna, our artist's eminent originality; and when some years after, he became, for scope and mastery over his instrument, the Apollo of London and Paris, one of Mr. Schlesinger's friends visiting him, found the great virtuoso patiently studying the *Andante con Variazione*!

The winter months glided by as swiftly as happiness, and, at the approach of spring, our artist awoke, for the first time, to the length of his absence from his pupils in the metropolis. After a rapid journey, he arrived in London on the fifth of March, 1833. It is not surprising that he should have found his once well-filled circle of pupils dispersed. A few he recovered, and their number was, in course of time, though not greatly, increased. This gave him confidence; nor could he have desponded, as we find him shortly after united to the fond wife who, through the too brief period of their union, repaid his manly tenderness with true woman's devotion.

If, during these years, his circumstances did not improve, as he had sanguinely hoped, his unoccupied hours were profitably employed in perfecting his skill and in composing. He frequently sat the whole day before his piano, and at other times inscribed upon music paper, from day-break until night-fall, those thoughts which will secure his name from oblivion. We are inclined to believe, it was at this time that he composed, or, at least, finished his masterpiece—a manuscript trio in A major; although it is marked Op. 11, and may have been sketched before the Quatuor published at Leipsic, which was numbered Op. 14. This trio, for pianoforte, violin, and violincello, is truly a magnificent work, which they, who have heard it, do not deem inferior to the best efforts of the great masters. We learn, with pleasure, that it is likely to appear at Paris in the course of the year.

In one of these intervals he also finished an overture for full orchestra, which had been often taken up and laid aside until he summoned energy to complete it. We have seen an extract from the

London Times, which mentions its having been received with applause at John Cramer's farewell concert. We have not been able to ascertain whether it was first executed on this occasion, or at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, in the spring of 1835. It was performed at the end of the first act, and met with as warm a greeting as it received here on the twenty-fifth of last June.

It was in the year 1836 that Mr. Schlesinger, weary, at his time of life, of awaiting the return of the patronage he had lost, through the contingency already alluded to, and not in consequence of any disfavor with the public, applied to the brother, then and still established in New York, to know what would be the probabilities of his success as an artist in this great mercantile community. Despite the prevailing opinion that we are not yet ripe for musical art in such perfection as Mr. Schlesinger combined, his relative counseled, nay, urged him to venture hither. These views confirmed those of our artist, who was not long in deciding to embark for America in the packet ship *President*, Captain Chadwick, bound for New-York, from Portsmouth, on the twenty-seventh of August, 1836.

[To be continued.]

## THE CADENZA.

BY E. T. A. HOFFMANN.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.]

[Continued from page 330.]

"But," said Edward, "I have as yet not discovered any connection with that splendid painting in all you have said hitherto, and thus I believe you have still something more to tell of the sisters; for I perceive that the ladies on the painting are Lauretta and Teresa themselves."

"It is so," replied Theodore, "and my longing sighs for that beautiful country may very well introduce the rest of my story. Just before leaving Rome two years ago, I made a little excursion on horseback. I saw a very pretty girl standing at the door of a *locanda* on the road, and fancied it very pleasant to be helped by that pretty child to a draught of noble wine. Stopping before the front door in the alley, through which the sun shed his glowing rays, I heard at a distance singing accompanied by the *Chitarra*. I listened attentively, for the two female voices struck me very singularly, exciting dark recollections, to which I was not able to give any shape. I dismounted, and approached slowly the arbor of grape

vines, from which the tones proceeded. The second voice had closed, and the first was singing a canzonetta alone. The nearer I came, however, the more I lost the traces of my recollections; the singer had just begun a florid cadenza; the notes rolled up and down—up and down; at last she held out a long note,—but all at once, a female voice broke out in passionate scolding; detestations and curses, succeeded each other; one man protests, another laughs. A second female voice mixes in the quarrel, which grows wilder and wilder, with all Italian passion! At last I stood before the arbor; and an *Abbate*, rushing out of it, ran directly against me; he looked round, and I perceived him to be my good Signor Ludovico, my musical newsmonger from Rome. 'What is the matter, for heaven's sake?' I cried. 'Ah, Signor Maestro! Signor Maestro!' he exclaimed, 'save me, protect me from this fury, this crocodile, this tiger, this hyena, this devil of a girl. True, true, I was beating the time to Anfossi's canzonetta, and beat down at the wrong time, in the midst of the cadenza; I cut off her trillo; but why did I look into the sorceress's eyes! the devil may take all the cadenzas!' With my curiosity thus excited I entered the arbor with the Abbate, and at first sight remembered the two sisters, Lauretta and Teresina. The former was still scolding violently, while the latter tried to appease her. The host, with his naked arms folded, stood by, looking on with a smile, and a servant girl was putting fresh bottles on the table. As soon as the singers perceived me, they both made towards me, exclaiming, 'Ah, Signore Teodoro,' and saluted me joyfully. The dispute was forgotten. 'Look here,' cried Lauretta to the Abbate; 'a compositore, graceful like an Italian, powerful like a German!' Both sisters, constantly interrupting each other, spoke now of the happy days we had lived together; of my deep musical knowledge, even in my youth; of our exercises; of the excellence of my compositions, and so forth. They said they had never liked to sing any thing else but what I had composed; and at last Teresina told me she had been engaged as first singer in the *Opera Seria* during carnival, but that she should declare she would not sing except in case I was commissioned with the composition of at least one tragic opera; for serious music was what I excelled in, &c. Lauretta said that it would be a pity if I would not follow my inclination for the delicate, sweet—in short for the *Opera buffa*. She had been engaged as first singer in it; and, that none but myself should compose the Opera in which she was to sing, was matter of

course. You may imagine the curious feelings with which I stood between the two. You will see, however, that Hummel must have seen the company in the arbor, at the moment when the Abbate blundered upon the cadenza of Lauretta, and has painted it in that picture."

"But," said Edward, "did they not mention at all your parting and that bitter note of yours?"

"Not one word," replied Theodore, "nor did I; for I had long ago given up the grudge against them, and considered my whole adventure with the sisters in a humorous light. The only mention I made of it was, to tell the Abbate, that some years ago, I had had a similar misfortune in an air of Anfossi. I condensed my whole stay with the sisters into the tragi-comical scene which I related to the Abbate, and by occasional hints made the sisters feel the advantage which the experience of my latter years in life and art had given me over them. I concluded by saying, 'It is well, after all, that I cut the cadenza short, for the thing seems to be planned to last for ever; and I believe, if I had not interrupted the singer, I should still sit at her piano.' 'And yet, Signor,' replied the Abbate, 'what Maestro dare presume to command a *Prima donna*! and, moreover, your fault was much greater than mine; you were in the Concert Saloon, I was in this arbor, a Maestro only in imagination; nobody looked to me; and if the sweet looks of these divine fiery eyes had not dazzled me, I should not have been such an ass.' The last words of the Abbate were soothing, and pacified Lauretta; whose eyes were beginning to sparkle in anger again while the Abbate was speaking."

"We spent the evening together. Fourteen years,—such was the interval between our first meeting and the present,—make great changes. Lauretta had grown much older in appearance, but had not yet lost all her charms. Teresina had preserved her beauty better, especially her fine figure. They were gaily dressed, and appeared externally altogether as at our first meeting; that is to say, fourteen years younger than they were now. At my request, Teresina sung some of those serious songs, which had formerly roused my whole soul; but it seemed to me as though they had sounded differently then; and Lauretta's singing also, although her voice had not lost much either in force or in height, was very different from the recollections of former days which glowed in my heart. This involuntary comparison of the ideal which lived in my

own heart, and the reality so far below it, heightened the ill humor which the hypocritical ecstasy of the sisters, and their indelicate admiration (which took the form of protection nevertheless,) had created. The droll Abbate, however, who in the sweetest phrases played the part of *Amoroso* to both sisters, and the good glass of wine which we took, restored me at last to good humor: and the evening passed very pleasantly off. The sisters earnestly invited me to visit them the next morning, to arrange at once every thing for the parts which they wanted me to compose for them. I left Rome, however, without seeing them again."

"And yet," said Edward, "you owe to them the awakening of that spring of song which lives within you."

"Certainly," replied Theodore, "and a number of good melodies also; but for that very reason I ought not to have seen them again. Every composer, no doubt, carries in his mind a mighty impression, which time cannot efface. The spirit, which lives in the tones, spoke; and that was the word of creation which suddenly awoke the kindred spirit that slept in his bosom; it shone powerfully forth, never to set again. And it is certain, that, thus excited, we think all the melodies which our own inmost heart created, belong to the singer, who threw the first spark into our mind. We hear her, and only write down what she has sung to us. But it is the inheritance of our weakness, that we, creeping in the dust, strive to drag the spiritual idea down into those earthly limits. Thus the singer whom we have heard, becomes our beloved—our wife! The charm is broken, and the melody in our heart, formerly breaking gloriously forth, turns into mourning over a broken soup-tureen, or an ink-spot in new linen. Happy is that composer, who never in his life sees *her* again, who first with mysterious power awoke music within him. Let him pine in the tortures and desperation of love; when the fair sorceress has left him, her form will be glorified into a heavenly, brilliant tone; and that tone will live within him in eternal youth and beauty, creating melodies in his heart, which praise her and identify her. For, what else is she, but the highest ideal, which is reflected from our own heart upon the external outward form before us.

"Strange, but plausible," said Edward; and the friends left Taroni's shop.

**MUSICAL FESTIVALS IN ENGLAND, IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.**

[FROM THE PENNY MAGAZINE.]

The first instance in which music appears to have been formally introduced in aid of charity, in Great Britain, was at the Anniversary of the Sons of the Clergy, in 1709, when the celebrated Dr. Atterbury preached at St. Paul's. From this time the practice was continued till 1739, when, by a mutual agreement, the Royal Society of Musicians engaged to provide a band for two annual performances for the sum of £50, which performances take place in St. Paul's Cathedral in the month of May, and at which the "Overture to Esther" has been so constantly played, almost ever since it was composed, that it now seems in a peculiar manner dedicated to the service of the church.

In 1738, just at the time when the original and pleasing melodies of Dr. Arne began to have a powerful influence on the national taste, and to form an era in English music, the institution of the Fund for the Support of Decayed Musicians not only provided relief for the indigent and distressed, but set an example which has since been followed by other associated bodies in this country, at Vienna, and in other parts of Europe. By rather a singular coincidence, Handel, then in great pecuniary straits, was, with the utmost difficulty, persuaded to appeal to the gratitude of the public, and cleared £800 by a benefit concert. Handel's 'Messiah' was first performed in London, in 1741. He afterwards performed it annually for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital; and after his death, it was brought forward by Mr. Smith and Mr. Stanley until 1777, producing in twenty-eight years a sum of £10,000.

The commemoration of Handel, which took place in Westminster Abbey in 1784, forms one of the greatest musical epochas, and is recognised as such, not only by our own writers and professors, but by those of every other country; for no event of the kind, indeed no exhibition of art, ever excited so general an interest. The commemoration took its rise in a conversation between Viscount Fitzwilliam, Sir W. W. Wynne, and Joah Bates, Esq., Commissioner of the Victualling Office, at the beginning of the year 1783. It occurred to these enthusiastic admirers of Handel, that the birth and death of that great master would be an occasion on which their

scheme might be properly introduced ; and as the year 1784 would form a complete century since his birth, and a quarter of a century from his death, it was resolved to attempt it. The plan was communicated to the Governors of the Musical Fund, who approved of it, and promised their assistance. It was next submitted to the Directors of the Concert of Ancient Music, who voluntarily undertook the trouble of managing and directing the celebration. At length the design coming to the knowledge of the King, (George III.) it was honored with his Majesty's sanction and approbation. Westminster Abbey, where the bones of the great musician were deposited, was thought the fittest place for the performance ; and application having been made to the Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Thomas, Dean of the Abbey,) for the use of it, his Lordship readily consented ; only requesting, as the performance would interfere with the annual benefit of the Westminster Hospital, that part of the profits might be appropriated to that charity. To this the projectors of the plan readily acceded ; and it was afterwards settled, that the profits of the first day's performance should be equally divided between the Musicians' Fund and the Westminster Hospital, and those of the subsequent days should be applied to the former exclusively.

The commemoration accordingly took place on the 26th of May, 1784, and four additional days. The Abbey was fitted up with surpassing elegance by Mr. Wyatt, the architect. At the east end of the aisle, a throne was erected in the Gothic style, and a centre box, richly decorated, and furnished with crimson satin, fringed with gold, for the reception of their Majesties and the Royal Family ; on the right hand of which was a box for the Bishops, and on the left one for the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. The orchestra was built at the opposite extremity, ascending regularly from the height of seven feet from the floor, to upwards of forty feet from the base of the pillars ; and extending from the centre to the top of the side aisles. At the top of the orchestra was placed the organ, in a Gothic frame. The choral bands were placed on steps, seemingly ascending into the clouds, on each of the side aisles. The instrumental band amounted to 513, and on the third day was increased to 535. "In celebrating the disposition, discipline, and effects of this most numerous and excellent band, the merit of the admirable architect who furnished the elegant designs for the orchestra and galleries must not be forgotten ; as, when filled, they constituted one

of the grandest and most magnificent spectacles that imagination can delineate. All the preparations for receiving their Majesties, and the first personages of the kingdom, at the east end,—upwards of five hundred musicians at the west,—and the public in general, to the number of three or four thousand persons, in the area and galleries, so wonderfully corresponded with the style of architecture of this venerable and beautiful structure, that there was nothing visible, either for use or ornament, which did not harmonize with the principal tone of the building. But, besides the wonderful manner in which this construction exhibited the band to the spectators, the orchestra was so judiciously contrived that almost every performer was in full view of the conductor and leader; which accounts, in some measure, for the uncommon care with which the performers confess they executed their parts."

The success which attended this commemoration was very great. Two additional days were added to the original number of three, and the additional tickets sold amounted to nearly four thousand. The receipts were £12,736, 12s. 10d., (about \$60,000;) and out of this, the Society of Decayed Musicians received £6000, (nearly \$30,000,) and the Westminster Hospital £1000, (nearly \$5,000.) So great was the excitement produced by it, that a series of annual "commemorations" took place for a series of years, the first of which was celebrated in 1785 (exactly a year after the grand commemoration) in the Abbey, under the same patronage and direction as before. The band was increased by the addition of more than a hundred performers; but, on this occasion, the receipts were less, although, singular to say, the expenses were also diminished, notwithstanding the increase of the band. In 1786, the festival was again repeated, and the band also enlarged, so as, on this occasion, to amount to 741 individuals. The proceeds this year came within £400 (nearly \$2,000) of the receipts in 1784, but the expenses were increased. The public appetite being rather excited than satiated, a fourth grand festival took place in 1787, with still an increase in the band, which now amounted to 825, including the principal singers, twenty-five in number. On this occasion the receipts rose to £14,042, (nearly \$70,000,) proving the interest of the public to be still on the stretch. But during the two succeeding years, there were no renewals of these splendid scenes,—the state of the King's health being the principal cause why they were suspended. They were again renewed in 1790, and finally in 1791, when the perform-

ers were increased to the astonishing number of 1667. But though tolerably well attended, the tickets were not demanded with the same avidity as before; the edge of novelty was blunted; the expenses of the performances were increased, and the means of defraying them diminished. At the last Abbey-meeting the immortal Haydn, then on his first visit to this country, was present; and from it derived a deep reverence for the mighty genius of Handel, which, to the honor no less of his candid modesty than of his judgment, he was ever ready to avow.

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### MUSIC OF OCEANIA.

[TRANSLATED FROM L'UNIVERS PITTORESQUE.]

[The following article is furnished by a correspondent, who will accept our thanks, and who, we hope, will continue to forward us articles equally acceptable. The pieces of music named in it were not sent to us; nor could we give them to our readers, if they had been. This explanation is sufficient, without altering the form of the article; though it was translated from a work in which the music was given. Edts.]

All the people of Oceania, whether civilized or savage, are passionately fond of music, but it has made greater progress in Java than in the rest of this portion of the world: for we do not include the music of the inhabitants of the Phillippine islands, who have adopted that of the Spaniards; or of the Creoles of Mexico and Peru, who are established at Manilla. In order to give some idea of the character of the music of these people, we here insert twelve pieces, viz.; one from Celebes; one from Java; one from the Chinese inhabiting the northern part of Borneo; one from Zamboanga, in the island of Mindanao; a dancing tune of Hawaii; a song of Gonap, one of the Caroline islands; a death song of the island of Tahiti, (Otaheite;) an air of Papua in New Guinea; a native air of the island of Traman, the southernmost of the group of Arou; and lastly an Australian air of the savages of Arnheim's Land. We brought these pieces from Oceania, and took pains to note them down ourselves. They are all unpublished, excepting those of Java, Hawaii and Gonap; which last is somewhat different from the air given by Choris. Many of these pieces are quite striking, and that from Zamboanga may be placed by the side of one of our pretty romances.

Most of the musical instruments of Malaya are brought from

China or Europe, except the flute and rabab. The Polynesians and Papuans use the syrx: the Javanese, who are richer, have many wind and stringed instruments as well as instruments of percussion; which are borrowed from India and China, or invented at Java.

*Musical Instruments.*

Among wind instruments, the most rude is called *angkloung*, which is used by the mountaineers, in the western part of Java. It is constructed of bamboos, cut in different lengths, like the pipes of an organ, the tones of which ascend and descend gradually: these are fastened to a strip of wood. Bands of forty or fifty mountaineers are frequently seen playing together on this instrument, and dancing at the same time.

In the island of Bali there is a wind instrument resembling the German flute, and with a tone similar to that of the clarinet: it is four English feet in length, and four or five persons play together. The *souling* is another flute, as is also the *serdoun*. The Malays play on this instrument separately. The Persians and Europeans have introduced the trumpet, called *nafiri* and *salompret*. The *sronni* appears to be a species of hautboy or trumpet, of which mention is made in romances.

There are three stringed instruments; the *chalempoung*, which has from ten to fifteen strings, and is played like the harp; the *trawangsa*, which resembles a guitar, and is used by the mountaineers of Sunda, in Java: this is a species of the *kachapi*, which resembles the lute. The *rebab*,\* an instrument carried from Persia, is a little violin with two strings; it is played with a bow, and gives perfect intonations. The conductors of the Javanese orchestras play the rabab. There are many instruments of percussion: the drum is known under several names; and besides the varieties which are of native invention, there are some which come from Arabia and Europe.

The instrument which most nearly resembles the drum is the *gong*, a name common to all the languages of Malaya. The gong appears to have been introduced from China: it is made of a composition of copper, zinc and tin, and there are some from four to five feet in diameter; they are usually suspended from a rich frame: the mal-

\* The violin is called in Portuguese *rabeca*. This word appears to be derived from the Persian and Arabic. [Rebec in English, is a three stringed fiddle. *EDRS. MUS. MAG.*]

let or drum-stick is covered with gum-elastic. One can form no idea of the force and beauty of the tones drawn from them; and if placed in one of the great orchestras of Germany, France or Italy, this instrument would produce the most grand effect; but in a Malay or Chinese orchestra, the ear is soon stunned by it. The *kentouk* and the *kampoul* are varieties of the gong, of small dimensions.

The *kromo*, or *bonang*, is a series of small vases or gongs, arranged in two lines upon a frame. The sound of this instrument is clear, and its intonation perfect.

The *gambang*, or *staccado*, consists of many varieties. The *gambang-kayou* is formed of many bars or strips of sonorous wood, differing gradually in length. These are placed in a wooden case or box, and are played upon with a hammer. the *staccado*, formed of metallic bars, is called *gander*.

The instruments which we have described serve to compose the orchestras. The word *gamalan* signifies musical execution; of which there are seven kinds—the first, called *manggang*, is the most simple and the most ancient: it is used in processions: it is sometimes called in derision *gamalan kodok ngorek*, the song of the frogs and toads, on account of its want of harmony.

The *salendro* is the most perfect piece of musical execution of Java: it is a symphony of many instruments which have each the same number of notes. The *pelak* differs from the *salendro*, inasmuch as it combines together the instruments which are limited to a smaller number of notes, and its intonations are very acute. The *miring* differs from the *salendro* and the *pelak*: the three last serve as accompaniments at theatrical representations. The *gamalan choro Bali* (music in the style of Bali,) has no *rebab* or violin: in other respects it resembles the *salendro*. The *sakaten* differs from the *pelak*, inasmuch as it reckons a greater number of instruments. The *sakaten* is played only in the presence of the monarch, or on solemn occasions. The *srounen* is martial music, in which also trumpets and other wind instruments are introduced.

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### THE MUSIC OF ROCKS.

There is a rock in South America, on the Oronoco river, called *Piedra de Carichana Vieja*, where, according to Alexander Von Humboldt, travelers have sometimes heard, about sunrise, sub-

terranean tones, like those of an organ. He was not himself fortunate enough to hear this mysterious music; but he believes in its reality, and ascribes the tones to the difference of temperature between the external and internal air; which difference is greatest at sunrise, or at that moment when the heat of the preceding day is most spent. The current of air, flowing from the fissures of the rock, may produce these tones; which are said to be heard when lying down on the rocks and pressing the ear upon the stone.

Humboldt adds, "May we not conjecture, that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt made the same observation on a rock in the Thebais, during their constant passages up and down the Nile, and that this *music of the rocks* led to the well-known deception of the priests in the statue of Memnon? When 'the rosy fingered Aurora made her son the glorious Memnon sound,' it was the voice of a man hidden in the pedestal of the statue. But this observation of the inhabitants of the Oronoco, seems naturally to explain the circumstance, which gave rise to the Egyptian belief in a stone that emitted sounds at the rising of the sun."

We think it can hardly be necessary to go so far, to account for the implicit faith of the Egyptians in the assertions of their priests. The statement also in regard to the statue of Memnon is incorrect in part. Recent travelers have mounted into the lap of the statue, which is in a sitting posture, and have there found what they suppose to be the contrivance for giving the musical sounds. Mr. Catherwood says he found a stone there which gave a sharp metallic sound on being struck with a hammer.

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#### MUSIC IN ROUEN, FRANCE.

The residents of this place have just come to a decision worthy of the native town of Boieldieu. Instruction in music is to be introduced into all the municipal schools. Such a step combines at once the interests of civilization and those of the art. An acquaintance with the elementary principles of music, cannot fail to refine and polish the minds and manners of the lower classes. And who knows what may one day result from the soarings of a talent, which, for want of early culture, would for ever have lain buried and useless? [*Musical World.*]